THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

AN ORGAN OF THE PEOPLE.

VOLUME III.] BOSTON AND LOWELL, (MASS.,) FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 10, 1847. [NUMBER 9.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY,

Is published simultaneously at Boston and Lowell, every FRIDAY morning. Office in Boston, BELA MARSH, 25 Cornhill; in Lowell, 76 Central street.

D. H. JAQUES PUBLISHER.

MISS MEHITABLE EASTMAN, GENERAL AGENT.

—TERMS.—

Single copy, $1·25 per annum. } Strictly in ADVANCE.
Five copies to one address, $5. }

Communications and *Remittances*, should be addressed, POST PAID, to the *Voice of Industry*, Lowell Mass.

☞ See Prospectus on the last page.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPEED THE SONG.—No. 2.

Up, up, from the valley
Of Discord, ascending,
The anthem of Order
With Nature is blending;
Twere vain to repel it,—
It were vain to forget,
For Attraction's the law
That must govern us yet;
Speed—speed the song.

In Harmony's temple
The anthem is ringing;
The choir of the blue-vault
The chorus is singing;
Chime, chime, your glad voices,
It were vain to forget,
For Attraction's the law
That must govern us yet;
Speed—speed the song.

Arouse! then, ye sleepers!
Why thus slumber away
The gray tints of the morn,
The bright beamings of day?
The echo is sounding,
It were vain to forget,
For Attraction's the law
That must govern us yet;
Speed—speed the song.

Lowell. MARY.

MISCELLANY.

From the Columbian Magazine.

HILDA SILFVERLING.

A FANTASY.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

"Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both."—*Measure for Measure.*

Hilda Gyllenlof was the daughter of a poor Swedish clergyman. Her mother died before she had counted five summers. The good father did his best to supply the loss of maternal tenderness; nor were kind neighbors wanting, with friendly words, and many a small gift for the pretty little one. But at the age of thirteen, Hilda lost her father also, just as she was receiving rapidly from his affectionate teachings as much culture as his own education and means afforded. The unfortunate girl had no other resource than to go to distant relatives, who were poor, and could not well conceal that the destitute orphan was a burden. At the end of a year, Hilda, in sadness and weariness of spirit, went to Stockholm, to avail herself of an opportunity to earn her living by her needle and some light services about the house. She was then in the first blush of maidenhood, with a clear innocent look, and exceedingly fair complexion. Her beauty soon attracted the attention of Magnus Hansteen, mate of a Danish vessel then lying at the wharves of Stockholm. He could not be otherwise than fascinated with her budding loveliness; and alone as she was in the world, she was naturally prone to listen to the first words of warm affection she had heard since her father's death. What followed is the old story, which will continue to be told as long as there are human passions and human laws.—To do the young man justice, though selfish, he was not deliberately unkind; for he did not mean to be treacherous to the friendless young creature who trusted him. He sailed from Sweden with the honest intention to return and make her his wife; but he was lost in a storm at sea, and the earth saw him no more.

Hilda never heard the sad tidings; but, for another cause, her heart was soon oppressed with shame and sorrow. If she had had a mother's bosom on which to lean her aching head, and confess all her faults and all her grief, much misery might have been saved. But there was none to whom she dared to speak of her anxiety and shame. Her extreme melancholy attracted the attention of a poor old woman, to whom she sometimes carried clothes for washing. The good Virika, after manifesting her sympathy in various ways, at last ventured to ask outright why one so young was so very sad. The poor child threw herself on the friendly bosom, and confessed all her wretchedness. After that, they had frequent confidential conversations; and the kind-hearted peasant did her utmost to console and cheer the desolate orphan. She said she must soon return to her native village, in the Norwegian Valley of Westfordalen; and as she was alone in the world, and wanted something to love, she would gladly take the babe, and adopt it for her own. Poor Hilda, thankful for any chance to keep her disgrace a secret, gratefully accepted the offer. When the babe was ten days old, she allowed the good Virika to carry it away; though not without bitter tears, and the oft repeated promise that her little one might be reclaimed, whenever Magnus returned and fulfilled his promise of marriage. But though these arrangements were managed with great caution, the young mother did not escape suspicion. It chanced, very unfortunately, that soon after Virika's departure, an infant was found in the water, strangled with a sash very like one Hilda had been accustomed to wear. A train of circumstantial evidence seemed to connect the child with her, and she was arrested. For some time, she contented herself with assertions of innocence, and obstinately refused to tell anything more. But at last, having the fear of death before her eyes she acknowledged that she had given birth to a daughter, which had been carried away by Virika Gjetter, to her native place, in the parish of Tind in the Valley of Westfordalen. Inquiries were accordingly made in Norway, but the answer obtained was that Virika had not been heard of in her native valley, for many years. Through weary months, Hilda lingered in prison, waiting in vain for favorable testimony; and at last, on strong circumstantial evidence, she was condemned to die.

It chanced there was at that time a very learned chemist in Stockholm; a man whose thoughts were all gas, and his hours marked only by combinations and explosions. He had discovered a process of artificial cold, by which he could suspend animation in living creatures, and restore it at any prescribed time. He had in one apartment of his laboratory a bear that had been in a torpid state five years a wolf two years, and so on. This of course excited a good deal of attention in the scientific world. A metaphysician suggested how extremely interesting it would be to put a human being asleep thus, and watch the reunion of soul and body, after the lapse of a hundred years. The chemist was half wild with the magnificence of the idea; and he forthwith petitioned that Hilda, instead of being beheaded, might be delivered to him, to be frozen for a century. He urged that her extreme youth demanded pity; that his mode of execution would be a very gentle one, and, being so strictly private, would be far less painful to the poor young creature than exposure to the public gaze. His request, being seconded by several men of science, was granted by the government; for no one suggested a doubt of its divine right to freeze human hearts, instead of chopping off human heads, or choking human lungs. This change in the mode of death was much lauded as an act of clemency, and poor Hilda tried to be as grateful as she was told she ought to be. On the day of execution, the chaplain came to pray with her, but found himself rather embarrassed in using the customary form. He could not well allude to her going in a few hours to meet her final judge; for the chemist said she would come back in a hundred years, and where her soul would be meantime was more than theology could teach.

The subject of this curious experiment was conveyed in a close carriage from the prison to the laboratory. A shudder ran through soul and body, as she entered the apartment assigned her. It was built entirely of stone, and rendered intensely cold by an artificial process. The light was dim and spectral, being admitted from above through a small circle of blue glass. Around the sides of the room, were tiers of massive stone shelves, on which reposed various objects in a torpid state. A huge bear lay on his back, with paws crossed on his breast, as devoutly as some pious knight of the fourteenth century. There was in fact no inconsiderable resemblance in the proceedings by which both these characters gained their worldly possessions; they were equally based on the maxim that "might makes right." It is true, the Christian obtained a better name, inasmuch as he paid a tithe of his gettings to the holy church, which the bear never had the grace to do. But then it must be remembered that the bear had no soul to save, and the Christian knight would have been very unlikely to pay fees to the ferrymen, if he likewise had nothing to send over.

The two public functionaries, who had attended the prisoner, to make sure that justice was not defrauded of its due, soon begged leave to retire, complaining of the uncarthly cold. The pale face of the maiden became still paler, as she saw them depart. She seized the arm of the old chemist, and said, imploringly, "You will not go away, too, and leave me with these dreadful creatures?" He replied, not without some touch of compassion in his tones, "You will be sound asleep, my dear, and will not know whether I am here or not. Drink this; it will soon make you drowsy."

"But what if that great bear should wake up?" asked she, trembling. "Never fear. He cannot wake up," was the brief reply.—"And what if I should wake up all alone here?"

"Don't disturb yourself," said he, "I tell you that you will not wake up. Come, my dear, drink quick; for I am getting chilly myself."

The poor girl cast another despairing glance round the tomb-like apartment, and did as she was requested. "And now," said the chemist, "let us shake hands, and say farewell; for you will never see me again."—"Why, wont you come to wake me up?" inquired the prisoner; not reflecting on all the peculiar circumstances of her condition.

"My great-grandson may," replied he, with a smile. "Adieu, my dear. It is a great deal pleasanter than being beheaded.—You will fall asleep as easily as a babe in his cradle." She gazed in his face, with a bewildered drowsy look, and big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Just step up here, my poor child," said he; and he offered her his hand. "Oh, don't lay me so near the crocodile!" she exclaimed. "If he *should* wake up!" "You wouldn't know it, if he did," rejoined the patient chemist; "but never mind. Step up to this other shelf, if you like it better." He handed her up very politely, gathered her garments about her feet, crossed her arms below her breast, and told her to be perfectly still. He then covered his face with a mask, let some gasses escape from an apparatus in the centre of the room, and immediately went out, locking the door after him. The next day the public functionaries looked in, and expressed themselves well satisfied to find the maiden lying as rigid and motionless as the, bear, the wolf, and the snake. On the edge of the shelf where she lay was pasted an inscription: "Put to sleep for infanticide, Feb. 10, 1740, by order of the king. To be wakened Feb. 10, 1840."

The earth whirled round on its axis, carrying with it the Alps and the Andes, the bear, the crocodile, and the maiden. Summer and winter came and went; America took place among the nations; Bonaparte played out his great game, with kingdoms for pawns; and still the Swedish damsel slept on her stone shelf with the bear and the crocodile. When ninety-five years had passed, the bear, having fulfilled his prescribed century, was waked according to agreement. The curious flocked round him to see him eat, and hear whether he could growl as well as other bears.—Not liking such close observation, he broke his chain one night, and made off for the hills. How he seemed to his comrades, and what mistakes he made in his recollections, there were never any means of ascertaining. But bears, being more strictly conservative than men, happily escape the influence of French revolutions, German philosophy, and reforms of all sorts; therefore Bruin doubtless found less change in his fellow citizens, than an old knight or viking might have done, had he chanced to sleep so long.

At last, came the maiden's turn to be resuscitated. The populace had forgotten her and her story long ago; but a select scientific few were present at the ceremony, by special invitation. The old chemist and his children all "slept the sleep that knows no waking." But carefully written orders had been transmitted from generation to generation; and the duty finally devolved on a great gandson, himself a chemist of no mean reputation. Life returned very slowly; at first by almost imperceptible degrees, then by a visible shivering through the nerves. When the eyes opened, it was as if by the movement of pulleys, and there was something painfully strange in their marble gaze. But the lamp within the inner shrine lighted up, and gradually shone through them, giving assurance of the presence of a soul. As consciousness returned, she looked in the faces round her, as if seeking for some one; for her first dim recollection was of the old chemist. For several days there was a general sluggishness of soul and body; an overpowering inertia, which made all exertion difficult, and prevented memory from rushing back in too tumultuous a tide. For some time, she was very quiet and patient; but the numbers who came to look at her, their perpetual questions how things seemed to her, and what was the state of her appetite and her memory, made her restless and irritable. Still worse was it when she went into the street. Her numerous visitors pointed her out to others, who ran to doors and windows to stare at her, and this soon attracted the attention of boys and lads. To To escape such annoyances she one day walked into a little shop, bearing the name of a woman she had formerly known. It was now kept by her grand-daughter, an aged woman, who was evidently as afraid of Hilda, as if she had been a witch or a ghost. This state of things became perfectly unendurable. After a few weeks, the felon being made her escape from the city, at dawn of day, and with money which had been given her by charitable people, she obtained a passage to her native village, under the new name of Hilda Silfverling. But to stand in the bloom of sixteen, among well-remembered hills and streams, and not recognize a single human face, or know a single human voice, this was the most mournful of all; far worse than loneliness in a foreign land sadder than sunshine on a ruined city. And all these suffocating emotions must be crowded back on her own heart; for if she revealed them to any one, she would assuredly be considered insane or bewitched. As the thought became familiar to her that even the little children she had known were all dead long ago, her her eyes assumed an indescribably perplexed and mournful expression, which gave them an appearance of supernatural depth. She was seized with an inexpressible longing to go where no one had ever heard of her, and among scenes she had never looked upon.—Her thoughts often reverted fondly to old Virika Gjetter, and the babe for whose sake she had suffered so much; and her heart yearned for Norway. But then she was chilled by the remembrance that even if her child had lived to the usual age of mortals, she must have been long since dead; and if she had left descendants, what would they know of her? Overwhelmed by the complete desolation of her lot on earth, she wept bitterly.—But she was never utterly hopeless; for in the midst of her anguish, something prophetic seemed to beckon through the clouds, and call her into Norway.

In Stockholm, there was a white-haired old clergyman, who had been peculiarly kind, when he came to see her, after her centennial slumber. She resolved to go to him, to tell him how oppressively dreary was her restored existence, and how earnestly she desired to go under a new name to some secluded village in Norway, where none would be likely to learn her history, and where there would be nothing to remind her of the gloomy past. The good old man entered at once into her feelings, and approved her plan. He had been in that country himself, and had staid a few days at the house of a kind old man, named Hans Oberg. He furnished Hilda with means for the journey, and gave her an affectionate letter of introduction, in which he described her as a Swedish orphan who had suffered much, and would be glad to earn her living in any honest way that could be pointed out to her.

It was the middle of June when Hilda arrived at the house of Hans Oberg. He was a stout, clumsy, red-visaged old man, with wide mouth, and big nose, hooked like an eagle's beak; but there was a right friendly expression in his large eyes, and when he had read the letter, he greeted the young stranger with such cordiality, she felt at once that she had found a father. She must come in his boat, he said, and he would take her at once to his island-home, where his good woman would give her a hearty welcome. She always loved the friendless; and especially would she love the Swedish orphan, because her last and youngest daughter had died the year before. On his way to the boat, the worthy man introduced her to several people, and when he told her story, old men and young maidens took her by the hand, and spoke as if they thought Heaven had sent them a daughter and a sister. The good Brenda received her with open arms, as her husband had said she would. She was an old weather-beaten woman, but there was a whole heart full of sunshine in her honest eyes.

And this new home looked so pleasant under the light of the summer sky! The house was embowered in the shrubbery of a small island, in the midst of a fiord, the steep shores of which were thickly covered with pine, fir and juniper, down to the water's edge. The fiord went twisting and turning about, from promontory to promontory, as if the Nereides dancing up from the sea, had sportively chased each other into nooks and corners, now hiding away behind some bold projection of rock, and now peeping out suddenly, with a broad sunny smile. Directly in front of the island, the fiord expanded into a broad bay, on the shores of which was a little primitive romantic-looking village. Here and there, a sloop was at anchor, and picturesque little boats tacked off and on from cape to cape, their white sails glancing in the sun. A range of lofty blue mountains closed in the distance. One giant, higher than all the rest, went up perpendicularly into the clouds, wearing a perpetual crown of glittering snow. As the maiden gazed on this sublime and beautiful scenery, a new and warmer tide seemed to flow through her stagnant heart. Ah, how happy might life be here among these mountain homes, with a people of such patriarchal simplicity, so brave and free, so hospitable, frank, and hearty!

The house of Hans Oberg was built of pine logs, neatly white-washed. The roof was covered with grass, and bore a crop of large bushes. A vine, tangled among these, fell in heavy festoons that waved at every touch of the wind. The door was painted with flowers in gay colors, and surmounted with fantastic carving. The interior of the dwelling was ornamented with many little grotesque images, boxes, bowls, tables, &c., curiously carved in the close grained and beautifully white wood of the Norwegian fir. This was a common amusement with the peasantry, and Hans Oberg, being a favorite among them received many such presents during his frequent visits in the surrounding parishes. But nothing so much attracted Hilda's attention as a kind of long trumpet, made of two hollow half cylinders of wood, bound tightly together with birch bark. The only instrument of the kind she had ever seen was in the possession of Virika Gjetter, who called it a *luär*, and said it was used to call the cows home in her native village, in Upper Tellemarken.—She showed how it was used, and Hilda, having a quick ear, soon learned to play upon it with considerable facility. And here in her new home, this rude instrument reappeared; forming the only visible link between her present life and that dreamy past! With strange feelings, she took up the pipe, and began to play one of the old tunes. At first, the tones flitted like phantoms in and out of her brain; but at last, they all came back, and took their places rank and file. Old Brenda said it was a pleasant tune, and asked her to play it again; but to Hilda it seemed awfully solemn, like a voice warbling from the tombs. She would learn other tunes to please the good mother, she said; but this she would play no more; it made her too sad, for she had heard it in her youth.

[*To be continued.*]

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

Every man should be guaranteed a permanent home on the earth, the choice of industrial pursuits, the power to limit, at will, the hours of labor, an equivalent for what he produces, the best opportunities for education, and freedom in everything.

D. H. JAQUES EDITOR.

W. F. YOUNG,
W. T. G. PIERCE. } Regular Contributers.

LOWELL:

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 10, 1847.

SOUTHWESTERN PIONEERS.

Early Settlers. Their Social Condition.—An Interesting State of Society. Lynch Law.

The following extracts, for which we are indebted to the *Harbinger*, are from a little book entitled, we believe, "The Desperadoes of the Southwest." The writer in the *Harbinger*, who introduces these extracts, says of the work:

"The tide of our strong backwoods' life rushes through it like the dark Missouri spanned with rainbows after a thunder-storm, while flowers of passion and of warmest fancy charm into rapture the interest which the stern drama of blood would otherwise render agony.

We heartily sympathize with the broad, catholic spirit of the author's reflections on the social character of the early Western settlements, where Lynch law holds her courts, and of which such incidents as he describes are organic phenomena foreboding the approach of *civilization*—convulsions of the social body which, like those preceding the worst forms of fever, usher in that terrible crisis for our sick Humanity."

Here are some extracts from the book.—We are sorry we cannot copy all that is quoted by the *Harbinger*, but our limits forbid.

"A few families, mostly poor laborers select a rich valley in the forest, far from the old settlements, as the site of their future residence. Thither they drive their flocks, which are all their wealth, and *haul* their children in rude wagons. There they erect their little huts, out of rough round logs; and then commences a battle with the toils of the wilderness. It requires the most arduous labors to clear away the forests, and turn them into fields for future harvest. And these labors have to be borne, under a total want, not alone of the luxuries of civilized life, but nearly always of the bare necessaries of subsistence also, save what the river and forest themselves supply—fish for the hook of the backwoods-boy, and game to the hunter's rifle. Often, in these wild, new settlements, have I stayed all night, in my travels with families who had been for weeks together without bread. Often, after the toils of the day over, the father must spend half the night in *fire-hunting*, to procure venison for the mouths of his children; the ensuing day again to be passed in severe labor.

"When a new settlement has been once begun, it gradually, and often rapidly increases, by fresh families of emigrants. At last the wealthy begin to move in. The first valley broken up becomes a kind of nucleus around which other settlements are formed, farther and farther out in other vallies; while more remote still some hardy hunter pitches his camp in yet deeper solitudes.

"At this stage of progress no society can be more interesting. There are comparatively few people, and therefore they are all friends. As yet there is no law, and no need of law, for the fierce war of *competition* has not yet commenced—that *competition* which has reduced the world to one great battle-field of opposing interests, where friendship bleeds, and human sympathy is trampled under foot, and the love of man to man dies out; and even holy virtue, with the many, becomes a hollow sound, as of an echo from forgotten sepulchres! *Then* labor gives health. Luxury has not yet imported into effeminate towns her *cohort* of old diseases, and there is therefore no *dear* doctor, with sleepy syrups, and pills that *poison* while they cure. There are *then* few debts, and they are all debts of honor, and therefore need no coercion to secure a payment, that is prompted as much by an honest pride as by a sense of imperious duty. There are then no quarels; because there are no lawyers, whose very life depends on the discord that breeds litigation. There are no splendid churches, with mellow-toned organ, and choir of dulcet voices, and *golden-mouthed* priest, with his manuscript of melodious words! But many a log cabin is a temple of humble prayer, where the simple itinerant preacher *draws*, with cords of the heart, the rustic worshippers around him, and utters mild sentences of mystic fervor, that melt, like music of heaven, on the soul. Then, if you be a traveller, a stranger, every man you meet is a brother, and every house you enter seems your own. The hunter receives you with pure, though unpolished hospitality; presses you to stay all night; and should you stay a week, or month, the tender of remuneration would be the greatest insult you could offer him. His children crowd around your knees with timid gladness; the face of the good wife beams with smiles, as if you were an angel visitant dropped out of the skies. One who has so often experienced their kindness may be pardoned for thus alluding, in terms of so much enthusiasm, to the virtues of a simple-hearted people—virtues I have the sense to admire, if not the moral power to imitate.

"Soon refugees from justice, of other states, fly to those peaceful woods for an asylum. They were once poor and happy.—They have dug up wealth for themselves and their children, out of the earth, God Almighty's free *bank*, that asks no security on her issues but labor, and knows no *panic*, and never stops payment. Now the *pioneers* are comparatively *rich*, and State sovereignty is extended over them; a judge is provided, and lawyers, and a sheriff goes round to *assess* and *collect* the taxes. But as yet they have no jail and court-house, and the county seat is perhaps a hundred miles distant. A different class of people now begin to settle among them—the aforesaid refugees, whiskered gamblers; land speculators; and thieves in general. Small groceries spring up, thick as mushrooms in April. And now their camp-meetings, that once came round, one every year, so peacefully, and bringing so many happy greetings of the hand and heart, are disturbed and broken up by the fierce revelry of drunken riot, and the mad warfare of bowie-knives. Scarcely a night passes without a horse being stolen. It is useless to pursue him in the morning. At the rising of the sun the rogue is off forty miles in the wilderness."

The writer then proceeds to show how nearly impossible it is to get justice by any legal process—that the people are finally *compelled* to take the law into their own hands. Then come all the horrors of lynching. We give one more extract.

"The company of lynchers once formed, they proceed to the execution of summary justice. It is easy to conceive what sad work they must make of it, rendered furious, as they have been, by multitudinous wrongs.—And accordingly, they whip, bang, torture, burn, flay alive; and however they may begin, end at last by acting like a band of savages. What else could be expected of such men, however honest, however merciful, stung to ungovernable rage by so many injuries, and now placed as judges in their own case, in a position beyond responsibility. By and by, the more cunning rogues take shelter under their protection, and bawl out the loudest for justice. Then the fruit of ruin is ripe. Men accuse their enemies of the most appalling crimes, in order to glut feelings of private revenge. A hypocritical zeal for honesty becomes the cloak for rapine and murder. Vengeance supplants law, and brute force and fury trample down all show of order. Government ceases, and every infernal passion stalks about at will, to prey upon the bosom of society. No lion of the Lybian desert was ever half so pitiless as the mob, in a period of excitement. The rage of one man is fearfully revolting to the eyes of a calm spectator; but it is no more to be compared to the fury of several thousand, than a dim spark is to be likened to the glare of a burning city. But the force is never wholy on one side only.—The lynchers, or "regulators," as they are often called, soon find that their foes organize also; arm themselves and prepare for systematic resistance, under the denomination of "moderators." Then commences a *guerrilla* warfare, as dark and deadly in its hate as the old English contest between the *Red* and *White* Roses. It is a war of utter extermination."

The picture so graphically stretched above, is a horrible one, truly, but it is not unnatural. The state of things depicted is, as the writer justly observes, the necessary result of a new and singular train of causes, and not the product of any peculiar savage or cruel propensity.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

BOOK OF HEALTH FOR THE MILLION. *By La Roy Sunderland. Boston: White & Potter.* 1847.

This is an *excellent* little book, and should find a place in every family. It contains, among other valuable things, chapters on Drugging, Bathing, Water-Cure, Diet, Clothing, Exercise, Sleep, Air, Causes of Ill Health, &c.—and costs only *twenty-five cents.* The chapters on Diet, Bathing, Air and Exercise are particularly valuable. Too little space is given to the subject of the Water Cure to render that Chapter of much practical utility.

Mr. Sunderland advocates an exclusively vegetable diet, and denounces the various fashionable modes of suicide; such as dosing and drugging, drinking tea and coffee, sleeping in badly ventilated rooms, excessive toil late hours &c. Any person who will read this work and *practice* according to its directions cannot fail to benefited. For sale at the *Voice* office.

POVERTY: *Its Illegal Causes and Legal Cure. By L. Spooner. Boston: B. Marsh.* 1846.

This work has been sometime before the public, and has received considerable notice and criticism, both favorable and unfavorable. We dissent entirely from the conclusions of the writer, and think that notwithstanding the acknowleded legal erudition and logical power of the writer, he has signally failed, in the book before us, to establish the point which it is his aim to establish. The causes of Poverty lie too deep to be reached by any modification of our judicial code. The work is for sale by Bela Marsh, No. 25 Cornhill, Boston.

THE NEW ENGLAND OFFERING. *Edited by Harriet Farley.*

The first number of a monthly of 48 pages, with the above name, is on our table. It is beautifully printed, and is altogether prepossessing in its external appearance. It is made up of articles written by females who are or have been employed in the mills, and, as a literary work, does credit to our "Factory Girls." We are patticularly pleased with the "Uncommitted Sin," by the *Editor*, and "Prose Poems" by *Lucy Larcom.*

The work has one prominent defect, or what seems such to us, though in the eyes of many it may be a merit. Its pages show no proofs that the swift and animating life-currents of the Present Age flow through the veins of those who have given their contributions to its columns. It breathes none of the Hopes, the Aspirations, the high Purposes, which should actuate the young women of our country at the present time. We do not ask or expect that every publication that is issued shall be devoted to some special Reform, or even to Reform in general, but we do ask and expect that every thing that claims to be *living* Literature, shall breathe the spirit of the age which gives it birth. The Literature of our time should bear the same relation to the Industrial and Social Revolution now in progress in the world, that the Literature of seventy-six bore to the Revolution that gave *political* Liberty to our Fatherland.

With a kind greeting to the Editor and her fair Contributors, and a hope that future numbers of the *New England Offering* will breathe a truer life-tone and higher aspirations, we will close our somewhat extended notice.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for September, is on our table. It contains some very readable matter, and some that we don't choose to read. It is embellished with two fine engravings.

SCIENTIFIC MECHANIC. We have received the first number of a paper with the above name. It is edited by Rufus Porter, formerly of the *Scientific American.* Probably no man in the country is better qualified to conduct a paper of the kind.

PROTECTIVE UNION NO. I.

Among the many systems of the present day which call loudly for reform, is that of exchange's. It is one link in that vast chain of evils by which working-men and women are surrounded which needs to be *cut out* or welded in a different *form* ere they will receive an equivalent in return for what they pay out.—The honest toiler after laboring year in and year out and paying his or her nescessary expenses, seldom or never finds a dollar left to lay up for a "rainy day," cheated first in the labor market and then by the exchanger; between the two he or she stands a pretty good chance of getting fleeced.

I shall endeavour to show (in this article as well as those that will follow) the benefit to be derived from the "Workingmens Protective Union," not only to the *producing consumers* but to the *nonproducers* or exchangers themselves for it was not to injure the latter class that the "Union" was instituted, but to benefit the *whole.*

It is an old saying that a "penny saved is as good as a penny earned," and this is emphatically a money *saving* thereby a money *making* concern. I shall not at this time attempt to explain the principles of the institution when fully carried out but deal in matter of fact such as the Union in tis present crude and imperfect state is; and that you need not take my word alone I will give you the figures taking such articles as are most commonly used by our housekeepers; giving the prices at which they can be obtained at the "Protective Union" store, also the prices at the Grocers with the percentage saved, the goods being of the same quality: Molasses 24 1-2 cts. per gal., at Grocers 33 cts. saying 36 per cent., Sugar House do. 42 cts. at Grocers 60 saving 38 per cent., Young Hyson Tea 34 cts, per lb at Grocers 45 and 50 saving 33 per cent., Old Hyson 50 cts., at Grocers 75 and 100 saving 50 to 75 per cent., Brown Havana Sugar 7 to 8 per lb. at Grocers 9 and 10 saving 25 and 28 per cent., Crush'd Sugar 10 cts. at Grocers 14 saving 40 per cent., Cream Tarter 20 at Grocers 25 saving 20 per cent., Salt Fish 3 3-4 at Grocers 5 saving 33 per cent., Com. Bleached W. Oil 45 cts. at Grocers 65 cts. saving 45 per cent., Sperm Oil 80 at Grocers 100 saving 20 per cent., Box Raisins 7 cts. at Grocers 12 saving 70 per cent., Ground Coffee 8 1-2 at Grocers 12 1-2 saving 43 per cent., Old Java 10 cts. at Grocers 14 and 15 saving 40 and 50 per cent., Starch 6 3-4 at Grocers 12 saving 73 per cent., No. 1 Soap 5 1-4 cts. at Grocers 8 saving 53 per cent, Vinegar 12 per gal. at Grocers 16 saving 34 per cent., Salt 17 cts. per Bag at Grocers 25 saving 48 per cent., On Pepper and Spices there is still a greater saving; thus while at our store you can buy Ground black pepper for 8 1-2 cts. per lb. at Grocers you pay 24 cts. a difference of 1.86 per cent., Allspice 14 cts. at Grocers 36 saving of 154 per cent., Cinnamon 18 1-4 cts. at Grocers 36 saving 90 per cent., Nutmegs 8 cts per oz. at Grocers 11 saving 37 1-2 per cent. Such readers is the difference in the prices between the two places, not in the above only but in nearly all the thousand and one articles to be found behind the counters of our Grocers. The above catalogue was found to agree with the prices of more than one store, if the charges on their customers books are correct; the writer of this had occasion to visit one of their stores this week and found out by actual observation the prices of a number of articles, which do not tell so well for the present system of trade, even as the above list. I will mention one fact although "workingmen do not know whether to sell Baskets by the *yard* or *dozen*" they are not altogether *green.* A daughter of Erin came in and called for two lbs. of sugar" the attendant on complying with her request took it out of the "wrong box."—"I want the eight cint sugar" said she, he went to another barrel and scooped up something which if it was sugar showed evidently that dirt abounded much more than sweets, it looked very much like the sugar that settles in the bottom of a molasses hogshead; perhaps he does not treat *all* his customers in this way *her poverty* probably was the reason why she was obliged to pay 40 or 50 per cent., more than the articles were really worth, who wonders that God's poor are likely to retain their poverty so long as this accursed system prevails.

But to return to my subject. It will be seen that about one third can be saved by joining the "Protective Union." Let us reckon this up.

A man with a wife and two or three children cannot (under the present system) feed and clothe them for less than $200 per year, (setting aside the rent in this case,) and as there is as much saving to be made in all his expenses as there is in Grocerics, we will take one third of two hundred dollars which is $66,66 quite a pretty little sum for a poor man, put it upon interest adding the $66,66 each year and at the end of five years you have $375,76 at the end of ten years it will amount to $878,62, who wonders that our exchangers "fare sumtuously every day," it is enough to buy a farm, and if during this time the soil should be made free (as I hope and trust it will) he will have enough to stock it and money left, who will say the "Protective Union" is not the poor man's friend? I intended to have touched upon several other things in connection with this subject, but this article is already too long and will defer it until next week.

P.

MELANCHOLY NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.—We learn ftom a southern paper, the *Mobile Herald*, that two noted "Humbugs" *are no more!* We refer to "Fourierism" and the "vote-yourself-a-farm-party" the intelligence of this terrible calamity must fall like a thunderbolt upon the friends of these cherished "Humbugs," in these regions as they were entirely ignorant that such an untimely fate had overtaken their favorites. Truly the dispensations of Providence are sometimes very mysterious.

☞ We shall send this number of the *Voice* to some who are not subscribers. Will such, if they like the paper, circulate it and obtain, if possible, a few subscribers? We shall be happy to resume our pleasant intercourse with the many true and sympathizing friends who aided us by their patronage and by their words of friendly encouragement, while conducting another paper. May we not hope that we are still kindly remembered?

☞ We tender our hearty thanks to our friend Robinson, of Boston, for his good wishes and kind words of encouragement, as well as his communication, and the promise of further contributions for our columns. A letter from his pen each week, will be greatfully received by us and by our readers.

☞ A "Native American" Dutchman, was born in the cars on the Athica and Bufalo Railroad, a short time since, while the cars were running at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. The exact place of his birth may be a matter of dispute with posterity.

☞ Our last week's paper was a *transitional* number, which will account, in part at least, for its *chaotic* appearance. Several rather mortifying errors occurred; but since it is too late to correct them we will say no more about the matter, but try to make our typography more correct in the future.

☞ Books to be "Noticed" in the *Voice* may be left at Bela Marsh's Bookstore, No. 25 Cornhill, directed to the "Voice of Industry," or at No. 76 Central St. Lowell.

"A SUBSCRIBER" must give his *name*, and also the facts on which his statements are founded, if he wishes to publish his article.

☞ The N. H. Patriot, a few weeks since, in noticing the election of George Thompson to the Parliament of England, took occasion to copy, *approvingly*, the resolutions of a MOB-LAW meeting held at Concord, N. H., during the visit of that gentleman to this country, some twelve years since! ☞

☞ Several Editorial articles are deferred to make room for our Correspondents.

☞ Remember the adjourned meeting of the Labor Reform Association next Monday evening.

BELA MARSH, No. 25 Cornhill, Boston, will attend to any business in relation to the *Voice.* Friends in that vicinity are invited to call on him.

"There's a good time coming."

GOOD. The following was not received in time for the "poets corner" on the outside, therefore we place it here. We hope the writer will "get up early," and give us "more of the same sort." By the way, we do not much admire our friend's taste, in the choice of a signature, though we know *some* newspaper writers, who might very *appropriately* sign themselves "*Blank.*"

"GET UP EARLY."

A PARODY. BY BLANK

Get up early! Bells are ringing,
Calling you from bed;
Get up early! Steam is singing,
Water gains a head.
Get up early! Ere the red Sun
First lights up the skies;
Get up early! Well nigh dead one,
Ope your heavy eyes.

Get up early! Or a "quarter"
Minus, counts your time,
Get up early! Each pale daughter,
Hark! the "last bell's" chime.
Get up early! Tho' no flowers,
Blush upon *your* sod;
Get up early! With your powers
Win your master's God!

Get up early! Tho' before ye,
Lies the long day's toil;
Get up early! Tho' set o'er ye,
Agents reap the spoil.
Get up early! If a rhymelet,
Be your task to write;
Get up early! And if time let
Pen it for your Right.

Correspondence of the Voice.

BOSTON, Sept. 4, 1847.

BRO. JAQUES:—Although personally unacquainted with you, *you* are not unknown, by reputation, to me and many other readers of the *Voice of Industry*, and we bid you "God speed" in your new "ship Editorial," hoping that you may be enabled to steer clear of all dangers in your course, having prosperous gales, favorable currents and a plenty of good hearts and true, to lend a helping-hand, in case you see 'Breakers' ahead, 'Picaroons' on either side or 'Sharks in your wake.

Amongst us, mechanics, we have long felt the necessity of having an "*Independent paper*, devoted without fear or favor to the cause of the people," and although the *Voice* has "done well" in the past, we still hope to see its circulation increased, its influence extended, its importance acknowledged, and its value appreciated by all classes in our land, and *especially* by those who are the main-stay and support of our country.

Who are the main-stay and support of our country, will be considered in future communications, providing you think it worth your while to publish this to begin with.

I will only say now, that I have thought of sending you a short weekly "yarn"—thinking it might be *possible* for me to write something that might not be altogether useless—at any rate, if no other good were produced, it might expose my own ignorance, and even *that* might benefit somebody.

I wish, however, to cherish friendly intercourse with *all* people having correspondent sympathies, to maintain impartial justice towards belligents, to prefer in all cases amicable discussion and reasonable accommodation of differences in opinion to crimination and recrimination; and to foster a spirit of independence, too just to invade the rights of others, too proud to surrender my own, too liberal to indulge unworthy prejudices myself, and too elevated not to look down upon them in others, to hold the union of the producing classes as the basis of their peace, prosperity and happiness.

Respectfully, yours &c.,
GEO. ROBINSON.

☞ An article from our Manchester Correspondent is crowded out, as are several others which were prepared for this number.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Freedom of thought and of expression, and individual responsibility for both.

REFORMERS.

I have wasted much paper and ink, and expended much money in the cause of, what is called Reformation. I have associated with many zealous reformers, and have too often found, that those who made the most noise, and complained loudest of abuses, when they got on the other side of the fence became very quiet, and acquiesed very philosophically in the present order of things, being discouraged, possibly, and hopeless,—indeed much reason might be found for such desertion. I am not absolutely in the same desponding condition, although I am approaching it. I was born on the sunny side of the fence, and cannot therefore be expected to be so zealous in the reform of abuses which are beneficial to me. I am notwithstanding resolved to continue occasionally to give my opinion on the prospect of human progress so long as some little hope remains. You will excuse me Mr. Editor, if I take the liberty to scold in my own family, where, if any where, I should be allowed to take that liberty.

The mechanics, farmers and small traders constitute the vast majority of this people, and have consequently in a republican government the controling power in their own hands. It is said in your last paper, that this an age of combination for special purposes. Pitt, it was, I think, said that combinations should be met by combinations. Now if it be true

that two classes exist in this country, viz: producers and capitalists, the combinations referred to are generally I suppose in the former class, whether they be large or small capitalists makes no difference; a separate interest is supposed to exist. If that interest be adverse to the other class, according to Pitt, it should be met by a counter combination.—This experiment is now on trial in England and Ireland; and it is talked of in America.—Newspaper limits will not admit of methodical essays, therefore you will find my articles merely suggestive, and possibly useful for thinkers, and public debaters, who may when they think the hint worthy of notice carry them to their last analysis.

Combinations among small numbers are more easy and effectual than among the multitude; and if those small numbers have in addition, a large portion of the wealth and talents of the community; they will be very apt to have also a large share of the influential and controling offices, and we, humble workies, are very apt to give our votes to men of wealth and talents, or wealth alone. Here then the parties begin to show a great disparity of power, and Pitt's remedy seems hardly equal to the proposed task on our side. Now if a number of the leading men on our side are too much in a hurry to wait for the improvement of their condition, or despair of it, and go over to the other side for a mess of potage, our combination becomes too weak for a contest of votes tending to a legal reform. If then we make no headway, we may be sure that we lose ground for nothing in nature on society remain still. The backward march may be slow, perhaps imperceptible, but is as certain as fate. The degradation of society in England is demonstrable. Excessive accumulation of wealth there has been followed with mathematical precission by excessive poverty and misery. A single fact, for those who will not admit a position so generally known, as that above, may answer.! One hundred years ago there were two hundred and fifty thousand landlords in England, and now there are but thirty thousand. Now let those who say, that all is safe in America just keep the run of the accumulations of wealth in land or stocks, individual or corporate, and see whether they increase or decrease. If the latter, our intelligent mechanics know that two lines converging never so little must meet in time. So must European pauperism, ignorance and degradation follow a regular increase of capital in masses; and increasing poverty be the consequence. Hills cannot be made without corresponding vallies.

It seems then, that combinations such as we have seen will not answer our purpose, until we have more individual virtue. Combinations even for illicite purposes have often failed in this city, for the want of honor among thieves, as it is well known. But there is a permanent and commanding interest in the combination of capitalists, who make money by controlling the laws, and they have always found aid among those who prefer the interest of the moment to that of the future time for their own class. Let me ask you Mr. Editor, how it happens that the bosses of Boston are mostly favorable to monopolies, while the true and permanent interests of mechanics, is opposed to such measures?

F.

ARISTOCRACY.

Why is it that so many of those for whom we are murdering ourselves by slow degrees, to support in idleness and heap up mountain-masses of wealth, look down upon us with such supreme contempt? And why do they, while through fraud and oppression they live in riotous splendor on our labor, demand that we treat them with humble deference and adoration? Ought they not rather to be truly grateful and treat us with kindness and civility?

Let no one object to the terms "fraud and oppression." Those who consume without producing, by their own personal, useful industry, live on the labor of others; and does each one of us willingly support himself and one or two others? If not, do they not obtain their support through fraud and oppression——robbery? True, we consent to be robbed, and that for the very good reason that we are compelled to.

The Declaration of Indipendence says that all have an equal right to life, liberty, &c., but the child of poverty finds the rights practically denied to him. God's earth is all monopolized, by the agency of money, and not even a spot on the public lands can he use to raise a single potatoe to support "life." He can produce nothing for his subsistance without the consent of others, and hence can only live—if he be permitted to live at all—on such terms, and enjoy only so much liberty and happiness as others dictate. They give us "liberty" to devote half our time to support their lives and ministers to their happiness. And this is demanding quite enough. They are no better entitled to our respect and esteem than if they did not practice such oppression, and extortion unless it be on the ground that they are useless idlers; but a watch which would not keep time, or a Bee which makes no honey, might as justly claim more admiration than one which does.

☞ It seems strange that the rich should claim our worship merely because they succeeded in depriving us of the products of our honest industry, but stranger still that it should be so freely granted. It is not time to show enough respect for ourselves to loudly firmly and determinedly demand our just, equal, inalienable rights?

J. E. THOMPSON.

Cabotville, Sept. 2.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE VOICE.

It may not be out of place to make some remarks, in addition to those of last week, relative to the dissolution of my proprietary relationship to this paper. I connected myself with the paper from a sense of duty towards others; and my connection ceases, in some measure, from a similar cause. There is much pleasure in the view of the past, having met with success far beyond the expectations of many who pronounced the undertaking as "impracticable and unwise."—The paper is now on a good foundation, having a greater number of subscribers than at any time since its commencement, and little, if any, doubt is entertained of its continued existence; and none need fear but our successor will do justice to the cause—making the paper an advocate of the cause of the working classes. It is hoped he will receive their aid in his arduous undertaking.

The principles advocated in this paper are received more favorably than heretofore, which must impart encouragement, and I look forward with unbounding confidence to a time when labor will be made more attractive, especially factory labor. Eight long years of experience has convinced me of the need of Reform. The present system is drudging indeed, and it is the duty of every one to try to effect a change. This has been my constant pleasure for the seven months past, in which time many new friends have been made, and many favors received which will always remain on memory's page, and for the encouragement of any of the sisterhood let me say that the utmost courtesy has been extended. In visiting five hundred places of business, mostly workshops, but few unkind looks or words are within memory.

A few words to a gentleman of immense wealth, in Cotton Mills, who read this paper for several weeks, but could "not encourage it longer, as its tendency seemed to be to make the operatives discontented with their lot," is respectfully reminded of his promise to "give in black and white further reasons why the Voice of Industry should not be encouraged."

Thanks to patrons and friends—a kind and grateful remembrance of all will ever be cherished. May those tokens of favor and regard be extended to the present proprietor, is the wish of

M. E.

Boston, Sept. 6, 1847.

SCISSORINGS.

La Patria, of New Orleans, publishes a letter giving accounts from Mexico to the first of August. It says:

"At the present moment (the beginning of August) there is in the city of Mexico a force of 35,000 men. It is almost taken for granted that Gen. Scott and Mr. Trist have a mutual understanding, secretly, with Santa Anna.

I have heard say that it has been represented to the United States Government that it is highly necessary to reinforce this point, since it is feared, and not without reason, that one fine day, when such an event is the least thought of, there will be a general rising, and the whole of the Americans here will be butchered. In Vera Cruz, as well, they are not without similar fears."

Fire at Danvers.—The Baptist Meeting House at the Neck in Danvers, was entirely destroyed by fire Sunday night. The dwelling house of Mr. Everett adjoining, was also burnt. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is supposed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion in the oil closet.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, we learn from the New York Tribune, is going to Europe by invitation to lecture. This will not interfere with the Quarterly in which he is concerned with Mr. Parker. That periodical will make its entree on the 1st of December.

The Poor Child's Jubilee, projected by Mr. Spear of the Prisoner's Friend, came off happily on Wednesday, the day appointed.—About 600 children participated in this pleasant and interesting fete. The party was liberally provided with refreshments by the ladies of Boston and Dorchester. This first example of the kind, we trust, will not be the last.—*Boston Star.*

Three or four young men lately accomplished a voyage in a row-boat, from Lowell to Lake Winnipiseogee, in this State, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

Good Reply.—"If we are to live after death why don't we have some knowledge of it?" asked a sceptic of a clergyman.

"Why didn't you have some knowledge of the world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.

A new mode of dispersing mobs has been discovered out west, which is said to supersede the necessity of military force. It is, to pass around a contribution box.

Fourteen hundred Hollanders are settling in Marion county, Wisconsin.

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affections.

The Jews have a proverb that "he who breeds not up his son to some occupation makes him a thief," and the Arabians say, "an idle person is the devil's play-fellow."

What a glorious world this would be if all the inhabitants could say, with Shakspeare's Shepherd, "Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I get; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; contented with my farm."

Among the Romans the gift of a ring was a badge of liberation from slavery. Married people may best explain, (observes a sarcastic bachelor) whether it is so among the moderns.

Albums.—The following "*jeu de spree*" we find in the last Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:

When the eyes of beholders
Meet this let their shoulders
Shrug;
For what's writ in an Album
I hold to be all hum—
Bug.

The Chinese junk Chinamen arrested in New York for beating the mate and captain, were discharged. By their contract they were only to be gone from China eight months, and it is now twelve since they left.

Nine of the prisoners who escaped from the Providence jail on Wednesday last were recaptured on Friday at Foxboro.' Hicks, the murderer, is still at large.

Mr. C. Foster of Bristol, Conn., has sent the editor of the Hartford Courant a Texas cucumber, *four feet in length.*

Slavery in Trouble.—Thirty-seven slaveholders of South Carolina have issued a circular, begging funds to establish a newspaper in Washington city to advocate the cause of slavery as a counterbalance to the National Era! This is much as if a foul toad, discovered by torchlight, should endeavor to get up a counter torch to *ray darkness.*—Chronotype.

W. M. P. U.

We will send the *Voice* to Divisions of the Working Men's Protective Union, on the following terms:

Five copies, per annum, $5,00.
Ten " " " 9,00.
Twenty " " " 18,00.

Friends, let us hear from you.

LADIES

You can buy Parasols, Parasoletts, and Sun Shades, one third cheaper of N. PACKARD, 90 Merimack St., than you can at any establishment in the city.—Also, Trunks, Valises, and Carpet Bags, very cheap.

DIED.

In Lawrence, Sept. 5th, Nancy Jane, daughter of William and Sarah E. Russel, aged 32 months.

"Cease, fond Nature, cease thy tears." Com.

NOTICES.

Of Meetings of Protective Unions, Industrial Reform Associations, I. O. of R., &c., &c.

TEN HOUR SYSTEM.

The friends of Labor Reform, are notified that their meetings are holden at 76 Central St., every Wednesday Evening—it is desirable that every friend of human progress should be present.

Question.—Shall we petition the Legislature for a reduction of the hours of labor?

L. U. OF A.

All members of the L. U. of A. are hereby notified to meet at No. 76, Central St. next Sunday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock. Per Order.

M. Emerson, Secretary.

L. U. A.

The Lowell Union of Assosiationists holds its regular monthly meetings the first Sunday evening in each month, at 7 o'clock, in the reading room, No. 76 Central street. A punctual attendance is requested.

Mary Emerson, Sec'y.

I. O. OF R.

At the last regular meeting of Pawtucket Tent No. 8, it was "voted that the time of meeting be changed from Friday to Tuesday evening."

☞ The Working Men's Protective Union, Division No. 1, meets at No. 5 Boylston Hall, Boston, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Charles C. Jones, Sec'y.

Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 9, holds its meetings on Monday evenings, at No. 3, Boylston Hall, Boston.

All Divisions will be accommodated with goods on the same terms as those of the 9th—store open from 8 o'clock A. M., to 9 o'clock P. M.

Joseph Carew, Sec'y.

The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 6, (Manchester, N. H.,) holds its meetings in Stark Building, on Mechanic street, 4th door, every Monday and Friday evenings for business, and Tuesday evenings for discussion, at 8 o'clock. S. D. Clark, Sec'y.

Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 11 (Lowell) holds its meetings at Humanity Hall, Market street, over Protective Union Store, every Saturday evening. A. Beldow, Sec.

☞ The Female Industrial Reform and Mutual Aid Society of Lowell, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Reading Room, 76 Central street. All Ladies friendly to the mental, moral and physical improvement of their sex, are respectfully invited to smile upon our humble efforts, by their presence.

Mary Emerson, Pres't.
H. J. Stone, Sec'y.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Lowell Division, No 34, Sons of Temperance, meets at Rechabite Hall, 76 Central street, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

Harmony Division No. 9, Daughters of Temperance, meet every Thursday evening at Rechabite Hall, 76 Central street, at 1-4 before 8 o'clock.

RECHABITE TENTS.

Equality Tent, No 7, I. O. of R. meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at Rechamte Hall, 76 Central st.

Pawtucket Tent, No 8, I. O. of R., meets at the above Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Lady Washington Tent, No 10, I. O. of R., meets at the above hall every Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

Boot, Shoe and Clothing Warehouse,

No. 2 Jackson street, Jennis Block.

WILLARD RUSSELL & WILLIAM HAYWARD,

Dealers in

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes and Clothing of all descriptions. Also, Umbrellas, Parasolettes and Parasols.

Lawrence, Sept. 10, 1847.

Books for sale at the Voice Office.

LABOR AND SOCIAL REFORM.

POPULAR View of the Doctrines of Chs. Fourier—by Park Godwin. Price 25 cts.
Organization of Labor and Association, by Math. Briancourt. Translated from the French by Francis George Shaw—25 cts.
Almanack Phalansterien pour 1847—15.
A Plain Lecture on Association—3 cts.
An Address to the Labor Reform League, by a member—12 cts.
Social Reform—15 cts.
Poverty—its Legal Cure by Spooner—25 cts.

PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, &c.

Physiology, Animal and Mental, by Fowler—50 cts.
Physiology, by Mrs L. N. Fowler—25 cts.
Hereditary Descent, by O. S. Fowler—50 cts.
Phrenological Almanac for 1848—6 cts.
Matrimony, by O. S. Fowler—25 cts.
Temperance, by O. S. Fowler—6 cts.
Tight Lacing, by O. S. Fowler—6 cts.
Beckland's Physiologist—25 cts.
Facts for Young Men and Women—12 cts.
Right Use of Physicians, by Dr Alcott—12 cts.
City and Country—6 cts.
Lectures on the Science of Human Life, by Sylvester Graham—$3.
Teacher of Health, by Dr Alcott—$1.
Vegetable Diet, by the same—75 cts.
Use of Tobacco, by the same—12 cts.
Book of Health for the Million, by La Roy Sunderland—25 cts.
Neuropathy, by Frederick Hollick, MD—25 cts.

WATER CURE.

Water Cure Manual, by Joel Shaw—50 cts.
Facts in Hydropathy, by the same—12 cts.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

Facts for the People, by Loring Moody—20 cts.
Unconstitutionality of Slavery, by L. Spooner—25 cts.
Narrative of Wm W. Brown, a fugitive—25 cts.
Liberty Minstrel—50 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Non-resident, by Agin Ballou—37 cts.
The Death Penalty, by Chas. C. Burleigh—25 cts.
Dodd's Mesmerism, 25 cts.
Gerrit Smith on Sectarianism, 12 cts.
Business Man's Assistant, 25 cts.
A Kiss for a Blow, by Henry C. Wright, 37 cts.
Parker's Sermon on Immortality, 12 cts.
Do. do. on Merchants, 12 cts.
Do. do. on Dangerous Classes, 12 cts.
A Derby Lecture, by Rev. W. H. Furness; 6 cts.
Lectures on the Bible, by Rev. J. Prince, $1.
Women, their Condition, Influence and Rights, 25 cts.
Philosophy of Evil, 37 cts. aug28

MEDICATED
Vapor Bath Establishment,

No. 12 Franklin Street, Boston.

UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF DR. M. M. MILES.

THIS is the oldest institution of the kind in New England, and the success attending the treatment of various diseases, has more than met the most sanguine expectations of the superintendent, and its popularity is increasing every day. It has recently been refitted, in a neat and convenient style. Patients can be furnished with medical treatment, board and good nurses, at reasonable prices.

Ladies who may wish to enjoy the luxury of these celebrated baths, or who may require medical aid, will be waited upon by female attendants, who have been constantly engaged in the business for a series of years. Their department is entirely separated from the gentlemen's.

The Medicated Vapor Baths are among the most efficacious agents ever invented, for removing every kind of disease; and in connection with other appropriate medicines, and medical treatment, they will effect a permanent cure in all cases within the reach of human skill, and have proved a remedy in hundreds of cases, when every thing else has failed.

These Baths do not resemble the system of steaming practiced by Samuel Thomson and his followers.

They are highly recommended by some of the best physicians in this country and in Europe. Persons can take them under the advice of their own Physicians, and rely upon their directions being strictly followed.

Reference can be given to some of the most eminent Physicians in the city; also to many other highly repectable individuals

The following kinds of baths are administered every day in the week, (Sundays excepted) from 8 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening.

William's Medicated Vapor Baths.
Iodine Vapor Baths.
Sulphur Fume Baths.
Plain Vapor Baths, and Shower Baths
Persons Vapor Baths constantly on hand, and for sale.

Dr. Miles can be consulted at this institution every day, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 1 P. M.

July16—1

NEW ENGLAND
Truss Manufactory,

Boston, Massachusetts.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved TRUSSES, at his old stand, No 305 Washington St., opposite No. 264, entrance in Temple Avenue. Also, Abdominal Supporters, for Prolapsus Uteri. Trusses for Prolapsus Ani—Suspensory Bags, Knee Caps, Brack Boards, Steeled shoes for deformed feet, Trusses repaired at one hours notice, and made to answer oftentimes as well as new. The subscriber having worn a Truss himself 25 years and fitted so many for the last 10 years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases.

Convex Spiral Trusses; Dr. Chase's Trusses, formerly sold by Dr. Leach; Trusses of Galvanized Metal that will not Rust, having wooden and copper pads; Read's Spiral Truss; Rondell's do; Salmon's ball and socket; Sherman's patent; French do.; Bateman's do. double and single; Stone's Trusses; shoe trusses for children, of all sizes. Dr. Fletcher's Truss, and Marsh's Truss, Dr. Hull's Truss, and Thompson's Ratchet Truss, and the Shaker's Rocking Trusses, may be had at this establishment. Whispering Tubes and Ear-Trumpets, that will enable a person to converse low with one that is hard of hearing. All Ladies in want of Abdominal Supporters or Trusses, waited on by his wife, Mrs. Caroline D. Foster, who has had ten years experience, in the business.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.

TESTIMONIALS.

The undersigned take great pleasure in recommending to the favorable consideration of those who are unhappily afflicted with Hernia, Mr. James Frederick Foster as a skillful and competent person in the manufacture and fitting of Trusses. We have employed him, (some of us for over twenty years,) and therefore speak from a personal knowledge of his abilities. His early advantages, his long experience in the business, and the large number of individuals whom he has relieved in every variety of cases, render him, in our opinion, equal, if not superior, to any manufacturer of the article. His father, Dr. Gideon Foster of Charlestown, was master of the poor-house in that town, for upwards of twenty years, during which period Mr. Foster wrought himself into the opportunity, and made application, of his Trusses to a great variety of cases, with great success; some of which were of a very complicated and distressing character.

It is well known to all who have occasion to wear Trusses, that their great excellence consists in the adaptation to the body, at the same time relieving the patient. Any ordinary mechanic may make a truss, but none but a skillful practitioner can apply it in such a manner as effectually to relieve and oftentimes radically cure the complaint.

Our experience has convinced us that Mr. Foster has thoroughly attained this knowledge. The certificates of Dr. J. L. Warren and other eminent surgeons, which he has shown us, fully sustain the opinion we have express.

David Dodge, aged 75 Sam. Payson, aged 75
Newhall Martin, " 76 Geo. Etheridge, " 53
James R. Turner, " 49 Arnold Southwick, " 48
Simon Lock, " 60 Hirah Tufts, " 75

Charlestown, March, 1847. July16—1

AMBROSE LAWRENCE,
DENTIST,

OFFICE, [established Oct. 1, 1839] No. 27 Merrimack st. second door east of the Museum—Lowell.

VALUABLE BOOKS.
FOR SALE BY ELI MARSH,
No, 25, Cornhill, Boston.

Facts for the People, showing the relations of the United States to Slavery &c., by Loring Moody, 20
The Unconstitutionality of Slavery by L. Spooner, 25
Poverty, its illegal causes and legal cure, by Lysander Spooner, 25
Marriage, its history, ceremonies and philosophy, by L. N. Fowler, 25
Physiology for Schools and Families, by Mrs. L. N. Fowler, 25
Phrenology for Schools and Families, by Mrs. L. N. Fowler, 50
Phrenology, proved, illustrated and applied by O. S. Fowler, $1.00
Physiology, Animal and Mental, by O. S. Fowler, 50
Hereditary Descent, by O. S. Fowler, 50
Love and Parentage, by O. S. Fowler, 25
Fascination, or the Philosophy of Charming, 40
Woman, her Education and Influence, by Mrs. H. Reid, 12
Philosophy of Mesmerism, by J. B. Dods, 12
Fowler's Phrenological Almanac, per dozen, 50
Fowler's Phrenological Journal, per annum, $100
Dr. Eugene Becklard's Physiological Mysteries and Revelations, 12
The Bustle, a Philosophical and Moral Poem, 50
Facts for Young Men on the subject of Masturbation, 25
Facts for Young Women, on the same, 40
Water Cure Manual, by Joel Shew, M. D., 25
Christian Non-resistance, Illustrated and Defended, by A. Ballou, 38
Discourse of Religion, by Theodore Parker, $1,25
Parker's Sermons of the Dangerous Classes. Merchants, &c., each, 12
The Church, as it is, by P. Pillsbury, 15
Lectures on the Bible, by J. Prince, $1.00
Dr. Alcott's Young Wife, Husband, Mother, and Housekeeper, each, 75

July 24. tf.

MILIKEN'S
EATING AND LODGING HOUSE,
Rear of 185 1-2 Washington Street, Boston.

HEAD OF NORFOLK AVENUE.

(ENTRANCE TO LADIES ROOMS NO. 16 PROVINCE HOUSE COURT.

MILIKEN, having established himself in his new and commodious quarters, respectfully returns his grateful thanks to his friends and the temperance community generally, for the liberal patronage which hitherto has been extended to him, and is, as ever, *ready to accommodate*, to the fullest satisfaction and at his usual moderate prices.

HIS BILL OF FARE embraces the first in the market, and will still demand that attention at his eyes and hands which has rendered his establishment one of the *most popular places of resort in the "City of the Hills."*

DESSERTS or every variety which the market and season affords and served up under his own immediate direction, and in a manner that cannot fail to please.

☞ Open on Sundays at meal times. ☜

July 16—1.

BOND'S LONDON MARKING INK.

THE celebrity which this Ink has acquired, both in this Country and throughout Great Britain, is sufficient proof of its superior merit. One important advantage which it possesses over many other permanent inks is, it can be used like common writing Ink, without the inconvenience of previously preparing the cloth for marking. For sale, wholesale or retail, by STEPHEN S. THAYER, Apothecary, No. 1 Revere House, Howard square, Boston.

☞ Price 37 1-2 cents per bottle.

July 16—1

BURT & WATERMAN,
Tremont Temperance House,

110 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Transient Board $1,25 per day.

Miles C. Burt. H. Waterman, Jr.

FOR KENNEBEC & PENOBSCOT,
VIA BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.

TRAINS leave Lowell every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 7, A. M. for PORTLAND, there connecting with the favorite Steamer HUNTRESS, Capt. D. Blanchard, for Bath, Gardiner, and Hallowell.

Fare from Lowell to Hallowell, $2,30.
" " " Bath, $1,80.

Trains leave Lowell every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 8, P. M. for Portland, there connecting with the new and elegant Steamer GOVERNOR, Capt. T. F. Jewett for Bangor and intermediate landings.

Fare from Lowell to Bangor, $3,80.
" " " Belfast, $2,80
" " " Thomaston, $2,30.

CHAS. MINOT,
Superintendant Boston & Maine Railroad.

J. S. DUNLAP, Agent, at the Depot.

May 7 6m.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

THE SUBSCRIBER, (No. 65, corner of Merrimack and John st.,) is weekly receiving from importers, both in New York and Boston, a new and beautiful assortment of Millinary Goods, as ever were offered in this city, and as cheap as can be found anywhere else. J. T. ADAMS.

Lowell, Sept 28, 1846. n25.

IMPORTANT TO BUYERS.
ALLEN & BEAL'S FURNITURE WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 2, 4 and 6, Charlestown street, Haymarket Square, Boston.

Dealers in Hair Seatings, Burlap's Glue, Cabinet Trimmings, &c. &c.

Benjamin L. Allen, James H. Beal.

R. C. WOODBURY,
HOUSE, SIGN, FURNITURE AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER, GRAINER AND GLAZIER.

Persons out of the city wishing for his services, will be promptly attended to. Charges reasonable.

All orders addressed to S. C. Shaw high's Auction Room, Central street, Lowell.

QUINCY HOUSE,
BY ELI WHEELOCK,
KEPT ON STRICTLY TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

No. 1 Brattle Square, opposite Brattle Street Church,

BOSTON, MASS.

Daguerreotype Miniature Rooms!

82 CENTRAL STREET,

(Corner of Hurd Street, Lowell.)

MINIATURES taken at these Rooms in the most approved style, and in any weather, with or without colors, and guided to do so in the nicest manner, whether for a high or low price.

The Public are respectfully invited to call before obtaining Miniatures elsewhere, as the prices will be as low as any in Lowell and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in all cases

Lowell, June 4.—1m. S. H. HASTINGS.

Fountain House.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken the

FOUNTAIN HOUSE,

(Formerly kept by A. W. Rockwood, Esq.,)

CORNER OF BEACH STREET AND HARRISON AVENUE,

and is prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders. The location is one of the most pleasant and convenient in the City; it is in the immediate vicinity of the Boston and Worcester, and Western Railroad Depots, and but a short distance from the Boston and Providence and Old Colony Depots.

Abundy sunny rooms have recently been added to the house, and newly furnished, and the whole thoroughly repaired. The construction of the house is such, and its equipments with the markets so extensive, that he is enabled to accommodate Boarders at unusually low prices, and every effort will be made to render it a neat, quiet and desirable resting place for the traveler.

H. HAMLIN.

aug 16

G. E. CHEEVER,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.

A splendid assortment of rich Jewelry and Fancy Goods very cheap at 112 Merrimack street. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of every description repaired in the best manner and warranted.

Lowell, Jan. 1847.

WALTER BURNHAM, M D,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OFFICE—122 Merrimack, opposite Kirk street, Lowell, Mass.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

FLOUR IN IRELAND $10 PER BARREL--SOLDIERS IN MEXICO $7 PER MONTH.

"O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"—Hood.

Hark!—the sound is in our highway,—
'Tis the rolling drum and fife
Leading down to Death's wild deserts,
Martial caravans of life!
With a visage grim and solemn,
How the plumed host departs!
There's a blood scent in their nostrils,
'Tis the blood of their own hearts!
Flesh, hot flesh to feed the vulture,
Human cattle, very low!
Droves of skeletons to whiten
On the plains of Mexico!

They are passing by the chapel,
And their measured foot-falls say—
"Toll the passing bell, good Sexton,
We are passing quite away!
Toll the bell—from this long journey
Few who go shall e'er come back!
Toll, oh toll, so those who mourn us
May put on their weeds of black!"
Flesh, ho! flesh to feed the vulture,—
Human cattle, very low!
Droves of skeletons to whiten
On the plains of Mexico!

In the east a nation crieth—
"We are starving—send us bread!"
In the South, red War replieth—
"I am hungry for the dead!"
Saxon herds for foreign markets
They are bought and sent away;
But the ox upon the shambles
Brings a higher price than they!
Flesh, ho! flesh to feed the vulture,—
Human cattle, very low!
Droves of skeletons to whiten
On the plains of Mexico!

From the Boston Transcript.

THE WISH OF THE HEART, FOR ONE UNFOUND.

"E'en in a love song men should write for men."

Give me the girl with courage strong,
To back the restive steed,—
To cheer my heart with thrilling song,
When I of rest have need:—
To care for ME, for something more,
Than IDLE FRIENDS may know,
And love me better than before—
Should streams of sorrow flow.

And ah, should I this TREASURE find,
From selfish passions free;
A girl—of frank—ingenious, mind;—
Then—what OUGHT I to be?
I'd be—Oh, never doubt my word!
Could I my love discover
By billet-doux, or carrier bird,
I'd be—that Maiden's lover!

RECORDS OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

"Onward!" is the Present's motto, to a larger, higher life;
"Onward!" tho' the march be weary, tho' unceasing be the strife.

From the Herald.

THE EMIGRATION OF FRENCH COMMUNISTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

A French publisher, Mr. Cabet, editor of a newspaper called *Le Populaire*, printed in Paris, published in one of his last numbers an appeal to all the French communists, of which he calls himself chief. The article is as follows:

Workmen, let us depart for Icaria—what advantages have you here? What is your fate in this country? Recollect, children of the people, poverty seizes you when you are born, and leaves you only when you die.—Filth and rags for many, deprivations of every kind, ignorance and superstitious examples of vice for all—work imposed before your strength is developed. Such is your fate.—From your infancy excessive labor is imposed upon you—often attended with danger. You are obliged to expose your lives to a thousand risks for an insufficient salary. Sickness—the conscript—the *livret*—no rights, no future, but a perpetual dread of the future, with fear of slavery and poverty. * * * * Such is your destiny in your youth.

How many are deprived of the happiness of marriage, and of family comforts! and for those who dared to marry, how many troubles and afflictions have they not to encounter? And in your old age, how many among you, after a laborious life, and numerous services rendered to the country have only for their share destitution, rebuke, infirmities, the hospital and death? death which puts an end to long sufferings. Look around you and see the wealthy condition of your taskmasters, the opulence of these privileged men who had but the trouble of coming to life to enjoy riches without producing any thing, whilst you have no enjoyment and create all.

And to say nothing that is not just and true, let us not entertain towards the classes reported happy, either envy, or hatred, for they have also their troubles and tribulations. their ruins and miseries, like ourselves, if not more. They are also victims of a very bad social organization, by which we are all their slaves, and which spreads everywhere antagonism and war, and which leaves to nobody either safety or true happiness. But if the employers and privileged persons are not happy, we workmen—we are bent under the weight of poverty, which every day becomes more and more intolerable, and which renders necessary some heroic and evil extirpating remedy.

In Icaria, in that Icaria which we are on the eve of forming in the United States of America, let us see what will be the fate and happiness of the working classes. There will be no poor people wanting the first necessaries of life, side by side with proprietors overstocked with abundance—but we all shall be proprietors or co-proprietors of an immense collective, social, inseparable, and national property—consequently, no more paupers, no more poverty, with its troubles and anguish—no more riches with their concomitant oppressions and disturbing vices—but an assured existence for all; by industry, and also abundance and good living; consequently, there will be no pauperism! No longer workmen, no longer bosses or masters, but associated—all brothers, all equal, all obliged to work according to their physical and intellectual strength. All the works will be considered as public functions, and all functions as work, consequently no more task-masters. No more wages but an equal distribution of all products by shares, among those associated. No more want of employment neither an over supply of labor, but order in both, and an organization the best possible that can be fixed by experience and wisdom—by public opinion and the will of the workers themselves. All the labor of agriculture or manufacture will be divided into appropriate departments, and carried on in extensive workshops. This work will be shared between all the citizens, so that each and all will be occupied and none overworked. The workhouses will be healthy, comfortable, clean and neat. Nothing will be spared by the community to help, relieve, and protect the working man.

The machinery for performing dirty, fatiguing or perilous work will be indefinitely and perpetually multiplied. All the instruments as well as the material are furnished by the community. The labor will be chosen as much as possible according to the vocation, taste, and aptitude of each workman.

All the employments will be temporary, and decided by election.

All citizens will be elected or be eligible for election according to their shares in the general interest.

No more work books, or rather chains; no more military service except that of the national militia; no more taxes, but work; and nothing will be spared to render that work short, easy, without danger or disgust, and agreeable and attractive.

The community will guarantee everybody a house, food, instruction, education, medical attendance and medicine, liberty to marry and have children, and all the reasonable enjoyments of civilization.

No aristocracy, no privilege, no inequality, but the purest democracy, as between brothers, and from that principle of brothership, equality in labor as well as in enjoyment—equality according to the ratio of distribution, in order to have every body equally happy, nobody being happier than others, and seeing nobody happier than himself. In short, in Icaria, the workmen will be the people, the nation, the society, the country—they will be a government by and for themselves—and when a most perfect education will have given to a new generation all the development that it is susceptible of, you will easily perceive that mankind will rapidly advance on all the roads of progress towards the degree of perfection designed for humanity by Nature and Providence.

Workmen! we who are now tied, abused, chained—who have no rights, are not cared for; no work, no bread, no future, as at present—let us go and seek elsewhere, for the Providence or nature which offers us all the treasures of their love and beneficence. Let us go and make the foundation of Icaria on the American Land.

HOMES FOR THE POOR.—Lord Morpeth has brought this subject before Parliament. It is found that forty-five thousand people live in Liverpool in cellars! Fifty-seven per cent. of the people of Manchester die before the age of five years, because they fare no better. W. B. Moffat has proposed a plan:—To establish an Association, dividing shares into five pounds, to obtain no more than 6 1-2 per cent. upon the capital, one half of which is for repairs, and for the benefit of widows and orphans; to call for only ten shillings on the share, receiving small monthly payments for the balance, so as to allow industrious workmen to purchase themselves a freehold. Out of the capital raised it is intended to build villages along the lines of the rail-roads, containing some five thousand cottages, of three classes: the first to contain six rooms with a yearly rental of $120; the second, four and five rooms at $60; the third, four, five and six, at less than a dollar a week: these rents to give *free* passage to and from London by railways. Connected with these cottages are to be baths, libraries, lecture rooms, &c.

Now where is Boston? She is spending immense sums in charity for her noble institutions. She is aiding her schools and colleges. She is yielding her countenance and credit to various public enterprises. Where are all her capitalists? Here is a plan that would not only relieve the poor, but would also afford a fair profit. Here we have an immensely crowded city with its narrow streets and dirty lanes; many living in miserable cellars and garrets, paying enormous rents. We are glad to learn that Stephen Perkins of Boston and Daniel Minturn of New-York, and other kindred spirits have commenced this great work. The former, sometime since, erected a block of houses at the south part of our city which yields him a fair income.—*Prisoners Friend.*

THE CHARTIST LAND PLAN.

The Chartists of England, at the head of whom is Fergus O'Connor, now one of the most popular men in England, are engaged in an important, and thus far successful movement. In 1845, we believe, the National Land Company was formed, for the purpose of accumulating means, through a system of co-operation to purchase, from time to time, such estates as may be for sale, at the whole sale price, an apportion them by lot in two, three and four acre farms, at the same price. This plan finds great favor with the people. We find the following paragraph in regard to it in *Howitt's Journal.*—ED.

Within two years they have collected a capital of upwards of 30,000L., and purchased two estates, on one of which, that of O'Connorville, many families are located in the cottages. O'Connor is most indefatigable in his exertions, and the utmost confidence of ultimate success prevails among the Chartist body. May it be realized; for it certainly is a great experiment on the co-operative principle, and every attempt to incite the working classes to accumulate and secure property, is deserving of the warmest commendation.—We cannot help thinking, however, that a union of trade with agriculture, must give a more certain element of stability to such a plan.

New York Correspondence of the Chronotype.

NEW YORK, *Tuesday Morning,* August 24, 1847.

MY DEAR CHRON.:—I hear of a plan to regenerate the Five Points, by razing the houses, straightening, widening, grading and lighting the streets, opening a public square in the territory, erecting comfortable and clean houses on the plan of those built for the lower classes in London and Liverpool, building a church and school-house, with comfortable work-shops in which labor shall always be provided for those of the present inhabitants of the locality who may wish to support themselves honestly. For the children now training in that vast and infernal school of vice and crime it is proposed to make careful and efficient provision. Some persons of means are said to be interested in the plan, and every good man must pray that it may be executed. Such a plague-spot ought not to be suffered to remain on the face of a Christian city

Over Excitement.—Dr. Alcott says, in a communication to the Advocate and Guardian:

The world in which we live in is, as it were, a mighty hot-house. Every thing, or almost every thing, is feverish—nothing cool and quiet. The food of body and mind—I had almost said of *heart* too—is as exciting and distempered as the rest. Our books and papers are exciting. Our conversation is exciting. Our schools and lyceums are exciting. Our dress is exciting. Our exercise is exciting. Our food and drink are exciting. I mean more even than this. They are over exciting. They are of a hot-house kind.

Novelly.—People are becoming so used to reading strange advertisements that we cannot expect them to be surprised at the following novel one, taken from a New York paper:

"*Introductions obtained for Marriage.*—Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully informed that this office is located at 13 White street. Office hours for ladies, (a lady in attendance,) from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. Office hours for gentlemen, from 5 until half past 9 P. M.—References exchanged."

The editor of the Clarion of Freedom published at Cambridge, Ohio, says that he has been mobbed eleven times, and even while he was writing the article in which the statement occurs, stones, rotten eggs, &c., were being thrown at the house from the vicinity of a notorious grogshop. He shows excellent pluck, and we think the supply of rotten eggs will fall short before he knuckles under. In his last paper he bids defiance to his foes.

Chronotype.

If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with her tender sweetheart, tenderly asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain—we've seen it tried. Don't forget this little boys and girls.

Good Bread. The Commitee of Managers for the exhibition to be opened at Faneuil and Quincy Halls in September, have passed a resolution offering to the Bakers of this State the sum of fifty dollars or a gold medal of like value, as a premium for the best bread submitted for exhibition. This is done with a view to improve, in our community, the quality of one of the first articles of necessity.—May success crown their efforts.

"You should never let the young men kiss you," said a venerable uncle to his pretty niece.

"I know it, uncle," returned she penitently, "and yet I try to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness, seeing that when one has been kissed, there is no undoing it."

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED

HARDLY a day passes that DR. MORRILL is not consulted by one or more persons who have been taking medicines for months and years for old Chronic Diseases without being cured; and the reason is, because they do not apply to a skilful and experienced Physician at first, or perhaps not at all. Many doses themselves up with Mercury, Copaiba Nitre, &c., obtained at apothecaries; others apply to inexperienced or selfstyled physicians, whose remedies are usually worse than the disease, and the bad effects of which are equally as difficult to remove. From the number of cases which have called on us, who suffer for years, both mentally and bodily, for want of discrimination in the first instance in obtaining an experienced physician, induces us to advise all afflicted with chronic complaints to be extremely cautious in the selection of a physician,—call on one in whom you can place confidence, as early as possible after contracting diseases, take his medicines and attend strictly to his directions until a perfect cure is effected; your health and money may thereby be saved

The Dr.'s New Office on Middlesex street, is finished and furnished in splendid style with all the conveniences that wealth can purchase, or that the sick can wish for, with the best Nurses to attend to those that wish for a nurse; and we have splendid Parlors for the sick that wish to be treated at the office. The Dr. attends to all diseases which flesh is heir to.

The afflicted should look out for Quacks that come from great cities, and from Vermont, with great references.

Ladies that prefer can consult with one of their own sex at the Dr.'s residence near the Office on Middlesex Street.

P. S. Recollect, the Medical and Surgical Institute, No. 9, Middle street, and No. 11, Middlesex street, at his New Office opposite the Machine Shop, established for the cure of all complaints, and a cure warranted in all private complaints or no pay taken. Medicines vegetable, and certain to eradicate every particle of disease in the shortest possible time.

ALSO—In connexion with Dr. Morrill can be found DR. TRIBETS, an old experienced physician, who will treat on the Tomsonian Botanic principle all who prefer this course of treatment—rejecting all poisons for medicines and everything which tends to debilitate and depress the vital energies of the system.

☞ Our Monthly Drops and Pills are for females who are seeking relief from their maladies, and all are invited to call and be cured to health, as a cure is warranted in every case, no matter how long standing. More than twelve years experience has taught him the safety and surety of our remedies in every disease.

ALSO—Midwifery attended to at all times, by Dr. Tribets. The Drs. can be found at all times, day or night, at No. 9, Middle street or at No. 11, Middlesex street, at their New Office, near the Railroad Crossing.

July 16—1

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL FOR ALL CLASSES. EDITED BY JOHN SKUNDERS.

PLAN.

Each sheet contains—

I. At least One Illustration in Wood, the full size of the Page, and engraved in the first style of the Art from Designs (chiefly) Original by the most eminent living Artists.

II. Original Literary Contributions by the most eminent living Writers, English and Foreign: among the latter, those of America will form the bulk.

III. The Annals of Industry and Progress; a department where the People, by their Original correspondence, become themselves the Annalists, and describe their own state and wants in their own words.

OBJECTS.

THE OBJECTS OF THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL may be summed up into one word—PROGRESS.

Progress in social science, and especially in those departments of Social Science, which more immediately concern the lot of every human being the primary conditions of bodily and mental health and developement—namely, a sufficiency of excellent food, and clothing,—well warmed, well ventilated, well drained, well lighted, and cheerful Homes—Baths, Gardens, and Parks,—Amusements—Leisure, Books and Schools.

Progress in Freedom, both for body and mind; from the Slave-holders, the Oppressors, and the Bigoted of all countries.

Progress in Temperance, Peace, and Universal Brotherhood.

Progress in Literature, Science, and Art, through all their varying and endless ramifications.

Progress in the study and observance of the beneficent laws of Nature.

Progress in a word in all that can make man happy, and noble, and bring him into a more intimate communion with the Being in whose image he is made.

MEANS

In carrying out these objects the Projector and Editor of the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL seeks the aid of the enlightened and benevolent of all classes, sects, and parties. Agreeing to differ where difference must exist, he trusts many and how mighty are the questions on which all may co-operate for the common good!

Crosby and Nichols, 138 Washington St. Boston publishing Agents for New England.

MOWE & FAGAN,

Surgeon Dentists,

NO. 82 CENTRAL, CORNER OF HURD STREET,
(Under Daily Courier Office,) Lowell.

FROM one to an entire set of teeth inserted, either on Pivot or Gold plate in the best style. Filling of Teeth executed with the greatest care, so as to insure the preservation of the teeth filled during the life of the patient.

We would say to those who are troubled with Cleft Palates, that we are now prepared to greatly modify, if not entirely remedy, indistinct utterance, by applying a Gold Plate to the space. Give us a call, and you enter you to any number of our citizens who are wearing my works.

A. M. MOWE.

I have had fifteen years' practice in Dentistry, and have had DR MOWE to operate on my teeth in filling and cleansing; I have examined his modes of inserting, both on pivot and gold plate. Judging from experience and the manner in which he executed his work for me I consider him a safe, practical Dentist.

WALTER BURNHAM, M. D.

This certifies that we have examined Dentistry performed by Dr. A. M. Mowe, both of filling and plated work, neatly and faithfully executed. We therefore cheerfully recommend him to the patronage of those whose cases require the aid of Dental Surgery.

Hanover Dickey, M. D. S. C. Ames,
Daniel Clark, M. D. Dr Melvin.
R. W. Hill, M. D.

☞ Prices low, and all Operations warranted ☜

m21—15

KNOWLES, DENTIST,
AND MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH,
(Office in Well's Block, Corner of Merrimack and Kirk Sts. Lowell, Mass.)

HOLDS himself in readiness to attend to the various duties of his Profession in a thorough and satisfactory manner. Patrons are assured that no Shams or Humbug operations are practiced; but whatever is undertaken is entered to his care will be FINISHED before it leaves the office; and, in case of failure of any operation, the most prompt satisfaction will be rendered.

In cases of whole and half sets of Teeth *no Springs* are used in any instance, but the Plates are retained entirely by *Capillary and Atmospheric forces.*

Citizens and STRANGERS are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens of workmanship.

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